UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Paying the Price

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Responsibility for the War

By WALTER WALSH

Gandhi—India's Fighting Man of Peace

By TARAKNATH DAS

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1921 NUMBER 9

GOD'S WORLD.

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
  Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
  Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
  But never knew I this;
  Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

Renascence and Other Poems. —*Edna St. Vincent Millay.*

It would seem to be a preposterous thing to quote Nietzsche on the eve of the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments. Nevertheless, we have seen nothing more "pat" to the occasion than the famous passage, "The Wanderer and the Shadow" from the second volume of "Human, All-too-Human." We reprint it here for the edification of our readers, and for such use as they can make of it in arousing public sentiment for complete and immediate disarmament:

No government will nowadays admit that it maintains an army in order to satisfy occasionally its passion for conquest. The army is said to serve only defensive purposes. This morality, which justifies self-defense, is called in as the government's advocate. This means, however, reserving morality for ourselves and immorality for our neighbor, because he must be thought eager for attack and conquest if our state is forced to consider means of self-defense.

At the same time, by our explanation of our need of an army (because he denies the lust of attack just as our state does, and ostensibly also maintains his army for defensive reasons), we proclaim him a hypocrite and cunning criminal who would fain seize by surprise, without any fighting, a harmless and unwary victim.

In this attitude, all states face one another today. They presuppose evil intentions on their neighbor's part and good intentions on their own. This hypothesis, however, is an inhuman notion, as bad as and worse than war. Nay! at bottom it is a challenge and motive to war. Foisting, as it does, upon the neighboring state the charge of immorality, and thus provoking hostile intentions and acts. The doctrine of the army as a means of self-defense, must be abjured as completely as the lust of conquest.

Perhaps, perhaps, a memorable day will come when a nation, renowned in wars and victories, distinguished by the highest development of military order and intelligence, and accustomed to make the heaviest sacrifice to these objects, will voluntarily exclaim, "We will break our swords," and will destroy its whole military system, lock, stock, and barrel. Making ourselves defenceless (after having been the most strongy defended) from a loftiness of sentiment,—that is the means toward genuine peace, which must always rest upon a pacific disposition.

The so-called armed peace that prevails at present in all countries is a sign of a bellicose disposition, of a disposition that trusts neither itself nor its neighbor; and partly from hate, partly from fear, refuses to lay down its weapons.

Better to perish than to hate and fear, and twice as far better to perish than to make oneself hated and feared—this must some day become the supreme maxim of every political community.

Our liberal representatives of the people, as is well known, have not the time for reflection on the nature of humanity, or else they would know that they are working in vain when they work for "a gradual diminution" of the military burdens. On the contrary, when the distress of these burdens is greatest, the sort of God who alone can help here will be nearest. The tree of military glory can only be destroyed at one swoop, with one stroke of lightning. But, as you know, lightning comes from the clouds—and from above.

Another quotation is sent us by a reader, who expresses the hope that it may be printed before the meeting of the Washington Conference. This comes from a letter of Benjamin Franklin, written to Mr. Benjamin Vaughan on July 26, 1784, and runs as follows:

It is wonderful how preposterously the affairs of this world are managed. Naturally one would imagine, that the interest of a few individuals should give way to general interest; but individuals manage their affairs with so much more application, industry, and address, than the public do theirs, that general interest most commonly gives way to particular. We assemble parliaments and councils, to have the benefit of their collected wisdom; but we necessarily have, at the same time, the inconvenience of their collected passions, prejudices, and private interests. By the help of these, artful men overpower their wisdom, and dupe its possessors; and if we may judge by the acts, *arrêts*, and edicts, all the world over, for regulating commerce, an assembly of great men is the greatest fool upon earth.

Wise old Ben Franklin was himself a member of "an assembly of great men," the Constitutional Convention, which proved itself to be something more and better than "the greatest fool on earth." It must be admitted, however, that in the vast majority of cases, "the affairs of this world are managed" as "preposterously" as "Poor Richard" here affirms to his friend, Vaughan. Peace conferences are assuredly a shining example of what he means. If ever there was an occasion when the "general interest" should predominate over all other considerations, it is when two or more nations sit down together to find the way of peace. And yet one could name on the fingers of one hand the conferences of this nature which have done anything other than sow the seeds of future conflict. Will the Washington Conference be an exception to the rule? We must be candid and admit that we see little prospect of high achievement. The "collected passions, prejudices, and private interests" will not only intrude upon the counsels of the Conference, but have been expressly invited to enter by the President. We hope for the best; but hope is not faith, and, in case of defeat, will not be charity!

The one most subtle enemy of the Disarmament Conference is "Imperialism." We mean that disease in the body politic, always threatening the life of a democracy, which urges a Government to use force, and to have on hand a great force to be employed for the advancement of the selfish interests of powerful groups of its nationals, or for narrow and equally selfish nationalistic notions—its supremacy, its paramountcy, and its "honor." The plague takes even the fascinating shape of a philanthropy, or a "duty" to meddle in other people's affairs, and punish the "wicked." Thus, right athwart all the pacific discussions of the Conference will lie the question of our relations with Japan. Ought we to be ready to go to war wth her, and compel her to give up Shantung? Must we have a navy on the Pacific big enough to force the "Open Door" or to forbid her to settle her overflowing population on every shore where we are jealous of her trade? The obvious imperialistic answer to this question will wreck the Conference. Will our government, however, take the only other intelligible or honest course, and meet the delicate issues between the United States and Japan in a frank and friendly spirit, with a fixed determination in no case to allow war between us? Few of our citizens have any idea what a strangle hold imperialism has upon our government. Would to God that we could hold a plebiscite of all the people and give them a chance to kill this old-world evil!

President Harding's utter failure to understand the issue of social equality between the races, and his reactionary statement on this issue in his speech at Birmingham on October 26th last, should not blind us to the importance of his flat-footed declaration for political and economic equality. However far he fell short of the complete ideal, the impressive fact remains that the President faced a white audience on southern soil and declared that the black race should develop side by side with the white race under conditions of equal educational, political and economic opportunity. Such a declaration from such a source, at such a time and place, is something new under the sun. One correspondent characterizes the President's speech as "the boldest ever attempted in the South on the racial question by any Republican of importance." It is not surprising to hear that the South is dumb with amazement. Perhaps the President himself may be dumb when he realizes that social equality cannot be severed from educational, political and economic equality quite so cavalierly as he seems to think. The South sees as clearly in its fear, as some of the rest of us see in our hope, that, in this matter of equality, it is all or nothing.

John F. Sinclair, a banker of Minneapolis, prominently identified with the Unitarian church in that city, has brought back from Europe a report which faces facts more unflinchingly, and urges saving remedies more courageously, than any other report which we have seen. After observing conditions, and consulting with statesmen, financiers, business men, labor leaders and others, Mr. Sinclair declares that, unless determined steps are taken at once to correct existing evils, Europe is headed for the worst crash in history.

> "European civilization," he says, "is slowly disintegrating. There are no forces now at work strong enough to resist. It is headed straight for a smash. Possibly it might linger or even survive, if certain bold measures were undertaken under the leadership of determined men."

What these measures are, is stated by Mr. Sinclair with refreshing clarity. First, stop currency inflation. Make government receipts and expenditures balance, even at the expense of curtailing many government enterprises. Secondly, cancel all German indemnity payments, including interest and principal, or at least suspend them for a period of years. Thirdly, recognize Russia and resume trade relations with her. Lastly, cut down ruthlessly all armies and navies. "These colossal fear-insurance expenses have in themselves the elements of their own destruction." This is a program as sensible as it is drastic. Will it be put into effect? We think not! Which means, says Mr. Sinclair, that "Europe will sink down into the depths, her surplus population will pass off into memory, and she will begin again the A, B, C of the human struggle."

We had the pleasure of talking with Mr. Sinclair as he passed through New York on his journey westward. His report was rendered doubly interesting by a conversation which we had had the day previous with an underground communist just returned from Russia. This communist had been abroad five months under an assumed name, and was now in this country without knowledge of government. This communist had observed European conditions from below, so to speak, as Mr. Sinclair had observed them on the whole from above; and their conclusions and prophecies were identically the same! Of course what to Mr. Sinclair was terrible, was to the communist not unattractive, for it meant the engulfing of the continent by the Bolshevism which this communist had seen at work in Russia. But this difference in viewpoint only served to emphasize the impressiveness of the agreement of these two persons on what was happening today and what would in all probability happen tomorrow. Meanwhile our newspapers tell us nothing, and we go unconcernedly upon our way as though "all (were) right with the world." The lack of realization in this country of what now threatens in Europe, is matched by nothing save our obliviousness to the immanence of war in the summer of 1914!

From Ireland comes a letter in which appears the following passage:

At 12 o'clock on the Monday, as I went through College Green and Sacksville Street (Dublin) with my sister-in-law, I witnessed the Truce come into operation, and I cursed and cursed and yet again cursed all creeds and sects. For as the clocks began to chime the hour, Blacks and Tans, Tommy Atkins and members of the Royal Irish Constabulary found the chain of brotherhood with Paddy, and the very men who at 11:55 were watching one another in murderous suspicion were six or seven minutes later embracing one another in mutual trust. I could not forbear saying to my sister-in-law, "See how men behave to one another when they are lifted above the withering, blasting, blighting effects of creed-diseases."

We sympathize with our correspondent. We also curse and curse when we think of what governments and churches do to divide men in fear, suspicion and hate, who would otherwise be friends. We are most tempted to anarchy of the Tolstoian or Kropotkin type, when we see how people act *when they are left alone*. Institutions, symbols, names, creeds, authority, orders from above—these are the things that drive men to battle and slaughter, the whiles their hearts still beat to the divine impulses of love. Of course, men are fools thus to be bewitched and led astray, but so long as they are reared to respect authority more than their own souls, they will be fools still. A healthy non-conformity is still the great need of the race.

The Rev. C. Rochford Stetson is evidently a brave and honest man. On the eve of taking his important post as rector of Trinity Parish in New York, he declares frankly that the churches are steadily losing ground. He presents figures to show that "only 40 per cent of the population of America claim any religion at all; and that out of all the money spent on automobiles, movies and other luxuries, only the smallest fraction is spent for education and religious purposes." "That proves," says Dr. Stetson, "how much people regard religion, for they will support anything they believe in, won't they?" In stating these facts, the new rector of Trinity is on firmer ground than when he diagnoses the cause of the trouble. He finds it all in the materialism of the age, and likens America to Rome which, he says, "met her destruction centuries ago because the people gave all of their thought to luxury and a good time." So far, so good! But what about the churches themselves? Are they not to some extent responsible for the popular neglect from which they now suffer? We believe they are; the churches have deserted the pople, and therefore the people are deserting them. But of this Dr. Stetson says nothing! In this business of restoring the nation to Christianity, the churches have first the task of making themselves Christian. Find a church which takes the gospel seriously, and you will find a church which has no lack of popular support! The materialism, which Dr. Stetson so rightly deplores, has its nest in the very house of the Lord, as he will find full well when he takes up his duties in old Trinity.

Paying the Price

The administration's Conference on Unemployment has met, talked, passed resolutions, and adjourned; and has accomplished just about as much, or as little, as it was expected to accomplish in the way of making two jobs grow where only one had grown before. We were among those who expected the outcome of the Conference to be futile, especially after the President's adjuration to the conferees not to do anything fundamental. In making this successful forecast, we claim credit for no infallible gifts of prophecy. On the contrary, we were concerned in this business not at all with prophecy, but only with experience. We have not lived as long as did Methuselah—and we don't know as we want to, if the prospect of such a prolongation of existence must be that depicted by G. Bernard Shaw in his latest play!—but we have nevertheless lived long enough to pass through one or two periods of industrial depression and witness the proceedings of one or two conferences on unemployment, and therefore to know what preposterous shams these conferences are. All that we have ever known go through exactly the same performance in exactly the same pompous and pretentious way; and we saw no reason for anticipating that Mr. Harding's little party would break or improve upon precedent. Nor were we disappointed!

The amazing thing is that we are willing to go through this silly and stupid make-believe, every time that men and women are thrown out of employment. We had conferences in 1914 that did everything—and nothing! Why have another conference? Everybody who knows his alphabet knows, or ought to know, why in this modern society of ours we have a minimum of unemployment all the time, as President Harding naively confessed, this minimum rising to a maximum at intervals as regular as the striking of a clock. Everybody who knows how to put the letters of his alphabet together into words, knows, or ought to know, what must be done to solve this problem of unemployment, and thus make it permanently possible for all who want to work to be able to work. It is not because of ignorance that we do nothing. In the reports of social and economic conferences, in the studies of expert social workers, in the treatises of economic statesmen of the order of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, in a political platform such as that of the British Labor Party, are formulations of programs which would remove this ill of unemployment as

speedily and surely as certain medical programs have removed such diseases as yellow fever and cholera. Secretary Hoover did not need to bother himself and his fellow conferees with any new "study of economic measures." We know what to do; and a man as intelligent and experienced as Mr. Hoover knows that we know what to do. His recent conference, and its new investigation of the problem, meant nothing more nor less than an unwillingness of goverment to do nothing in the face of emergency, and an equal unwillingness to do anything which would be really effective to the end of "(ameliorating) the unemployment situation and (giving) impulse to the recovery of business and commerce to normal." For a real program directed to the removal of such a social ill as unemployment, is a costly enterprise. It means vast changes in industrial relationships, in concepts of property, above all in conditions of wealth and economic power. It means a reordering of society along lines of radical and therefore thorough-going reform. It means in effect a revolution which will involve our present-day propertied class in losses wellnigh as great as those suffered by the kings and princes in the great political revolutions of the past. The ending of unemployment, in other words, is bound up tight and fast with the ending of economic privilege. There is a price exacted if the benefit desired is really to be secured. But such a price even for such a benefit our favored few, who sit so securely in the seats of power and hence so far removed from the levels of social misery, do not propose to pay!

The problem of unemployment is identical in this regard with the problem of war. There is no mystery any longer about the causes of armed conflict between modern nations. We know every one of the factors which enter into the making of this phenomenon—secret diplomacy, economic imperialism, selfish and independent nationalism, competitive armaments, legalistic sanctions, and all the rest. We know also what must be done in order to isolate these factors and make them inoperative. Any third-rate politician could state in exact detail today the policies which must be adopted by each nation, and by all the nations together, for the abolishment of war. The price of this boon is as definitely known in terms of economic and political reform as the price of a battleship in dollars and cents. What this price is, from the standpoint of national sovereignty, for example, is clearly stated in such a book as Norman Angell's "The Fruits of Victory." But are we willing to pay this price? Are the five nations meeting in the Washington Conference, going to signify any intention of paying the price necessary to secure an effective reduction of armaments? The whole problem is one not of knowledge but of will. In the past there has not been a single nation which has been willing to pay so much as a penny's worth of the price of peace. Each has preferred to go its own way, to seek its own ends, and take the chances of getting into a fight with its neighbors. As for the future, he is an optimist indeed who can detect any very promising signs of a change of heart on the part of any one of the great powers. We have fought a war at enormous cost to a futile end—we have drunk to the lees the cup of bitterness and disillusionment—and yet the international situation is the same as it was in 1913 and 1914. We have nations armed to the teeth in senseless rivalry, conferences now at Washington as formerly at the Hague to consider the ways and means of peace, and no willingness anywhere to pay the price which must be paid if the world is to be saved!

Meanwhile, in unemployment and in war alike, the price of *not* paying the price of reform, is being paid by humanity to the uttermost farthing! But—please note!—this price is not being paid by those who would have to pay the price of really getting rid of unemployment and really ending war. It is the common people who pay this price of inaction—the many and not the few, the masses and not the classes, the poor and not the rich, the worker and not the banker or politician. When unemployment stalks the land like a wasting pestilence, the privileged suffer perhaps some loss of income and are obliged to curtail their contributions to charitable and religious interests, and even reduce the number of their servants and automobiles; but it is the nameless and helpless millions who walk the streets, sleep in the parks, and suffer the agony of hearing their children cry for bread. So when war is declared by one government against another, it is not the persons responsible for such criminal action that march to the trenches and face the horrors of machine guns and poison gases. On the contrary, they stay comfortably at home and organize liberty loan campaigns and red cross drives, and indulge to their hearts' content in profiteering, while conscripting for the necessary business of fighting the humble folk who have no more concern with or interest in the cause and outcome of the war than the inhabitants of Mars. It is the people who always pay the price of social misery of every kind—be it unemployment, or child labor, or high prices, or pestilence, or famine, or "grim-visioned war." The persons and institutions responsible for these ills, and therefore able to cure them if they so willed, go scot-free. They pay nothing—or at least so little that it is not worth taking into account. So why should they bother to do away with these ills—why should they undertake to abolish unemployment or war—at heavy cost to themselves? If there must be a price paid for both misery and its cure, let the other fellow pay it for his misery! He's only a worker—he can stand it!

It's an easy solution of the problem—at least for those who are on top. But is it a solution? Is there always to be a class in society which is exempt from

the payment of just debts? Are the common people always going to be willing to pay the price of injustice and cruelty—to starve when somebody else closes the factory because profits are low, to die when somebody else lifts the flag and blows the trumpet to battle for some foreign concession? It might be well for some of our complacent big-wigs to ponder these questions —more particularly in the lurid light of French and Russian revolutions. If history teaches anything with unmistakable clearness, it is that the people will pay about so much and about so long, and then *stop!* And when they stop, the man on top begins to pay a price which draws the very blood from out his veins and arteries. Might it not be well, after all, to pay voluntarily and pay less today, than to wait and pay the awful price exacted by a just God who refuses to be mocked forever?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Responsibility for the War

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."—*Ninth Commandment.*

The message I am bringing you this morning has been massing itself in my mind with increasing momentum for a considerable time, till the weight has become intolerable, and I feel that I must speak the thing that is given me. I believe also that the psychological moment has come. The hour strikes for truth. Were we living in the days of old when religion was more savage and sincere than it is in this time of gilded civilization, I would announce myself as bringing "a message from God," even if the message proved to be a dagger thrust, as did the message brought by Ehud to the tyrant Eglon, according to the book still held to be "inspired" by both Jews and Christians. But as I discountenance all bloody tools, and employ no weapons except those of reason and moral appeal, the only dagger I stretch forth is the sword of the spirit, and the only enemies against whom I wield it are those mentioned in the same book,—"against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Furthermore, as proving that I am not animated by personal prejudices or political antipathies born from the treacheries of this dark day, but that I am swayed by principles long come to maturity in my soul, shaping all my public words and actions, I have selected our Reading from a book written by me fore than twenty years ago, which has been before both the British and the American public for a score of years—"The Moral Damage of War." For many years I have made the psychology of war a special study, and have come to the conclusion that if war is hell, the War-Spirit is the Devil. Now, if it is the devil that makes hell, obviously the way to get rid of hell is to get rid of the devil. Or, to cease from metaphor, the sure way to get rid of war is to get rid of the war-spirit. In other words, the enemy is not so much war as the war-spirit. War is cruel and horrible; but we are not cowards, and might put up with cruelty and horrors, which are physical. But the war-spirit is a vile, filthy, leprous and obscene abortion, too dirty to lodge in any decent mind, and breeds and fills the world with a spawn of the most disgusting spiritual monstrosities, such as falsehood, slander, trickery, meanness, cowardice and low cunning. That is why I entitled my book "The 'Moral' Damage of War."

But war—as war is now, and always was—
A dirty, loathsome, servile murder-job;—
Men lousy, sleepless, ulcerous, afraid;
Men stunned to brainlessness, and gibbering;
Men maimed and blinded; men against machines—
Flesh versus iron, concrete, flame, and wire;
Men choking out their souls in poison-gas;
Men squelched into the slime by trampling feet:
Dead bodies used to build a trench again:
Men disemboweled by guns five miles away,
Cursing with their last breath the living God
Because he made them in his image; men . . .
So—were your talent mine—I'd write of war
For those who, coming after, know it not.

That is how a returned soldier writes about it. And, as I say, it is the war-spirit who is the real enemy. It is the war-spirit who does these things; who commands them to be done, or allows them to be done; or degrades men into doing them.

For this psychological conclusion I am entitled to claim the support of the Prime Minister of Great Britain, who recently informed the churches that their proper function was to create right atmosphere. The spectacle was both edifying and diverting, reminding one of the scene in Faust where Mephistopheles climbs the pulpit to instruct the monks and common people in virtue and the good life. The politician crossed the frontiers of the church to warn churchmen they must never invade the frontiers of politics. This morning I am not to discuss that puerile and pettifogging pronouncement. I endorse, however, the doctrine that the supreme function of the pulpit is, or should be, to create an atmosphere favorable to the activities of good men and women, in which all scoundrels and liars would find their occupation gone. That, of course, would press very hard on prime ministers whose occasional function seems to be to create an atmosphere of poison gas; which, in turn, makes it doubly hard for churchmen to create a counter atmosphere of good will. By these means God himself appears to wither away, and mankind seems doomed to perpetual misery.

Encouraged by the prime minister, my object today is to assist in creating a better atmosphere within the British Islands, an atmosphere of truthfulness, chivalry and generous feeling in which falsehood and injustice may automatically disappear. In so doing I declare myself quite indifferent to party politics; whether those of my own party or any other. I am quite indifferent also to party nationalism; for I confess myself one of those religious believers who place loyalty to conscience above loyalty to State, principles above patriotism every time, brotherhood above politics, and humanity above all nations, including my own. I am sorry that this attitude should at times be inconvenient for States and prime ministers; and I can but return them the answer of the first Christian disciples to the authorities of their day who threatened them with prison and the lash—"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

Now then we are all agreed that the proper function of the churches is to substitute pure religious oxygen for political poison gas; but we also know

that they will need a tremendous amount of encouragement in their supreme task of oxygenating the world with truth, generosity and justice. Fain would we forget the political compliance with which they puffed the poison gas from ten thousand pulpits through many darkened years, crucified their own Christ in every country inhabited by man, and put him to an open shame before heaven and all the angels. "Arms and the Man," sang they. "Onward Christian soldiers!"

> "Ours is a Christian army"—so he said,
> A regiment of bangomen who led;
> "And ours a Christian navy," added he
> Who sailed a thunder-junk upon the sea.
> Better they knew than men unwarlike do
> What is an army and a navy too.
> Pray God there may be sent them by-and-by
> Knowledge of what a Christian is, and why;
> For somewhat lamely the conception runs
> Of a brass-buttoned Jesus firing guns.

Happily there are signs of better things. Next Saturday it will be my privilege to participate in a great public demonstration in Hyde Park organized by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and including prominent representatives from all the principal branches of the Christian Church—Roman Catholic, Anglican, Nonconformist. I have already made intimation of this and I urge you to give the effort all the help you can. We have frequently felt it our duty to criticize what we thought wrong. It is not less our duty to encourage what we think right. And surely it is a right thing for the Christian sects to unite in a great effort to inculcate a better spirit in the public and social and commercial and industrial life of the British people. That is the object of the gathering; and no differences in theology or politics ought to prevent our sympathy and support. I welcome the effort. And if at any time the Jewish community organizes a similar effort, and are kind enough to invite me, I shall certainly accept their invitation. So I shall if the Moslems take similar action. Or the Ethical Societies, Rationalists, Freethinkers and Atheists. So also if the Buddhists do; or the Hindus; or the Confucians; or the Cherokee Indians, or the natives of Timbuctoo. Whatever groups of men and women set out to preach the necessity of a better spirit, and to exemplify it by life and example—I care not what may be their creed or color or race—they may count on my support. That is the very motive and essence of the Free Religious Movement, which is tethered to none in order that it may be the friend of all. By that route slowly but surely advances the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

Thus I come round to the point from which I started —the Ninth Commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Do you ask, "Who is my neighbor?" Read the parable of the good Samaritan, and take your answer! According to Jesus of Nazareth, your mortal enemy is your neighbor, if he is in trouble and needs your help. According to Christian doctrine, therefore, starving Austria is your neighbor, suffering Germany is your neighbor, and "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"! The appropriate rendering of the Ninth Commandment is "Thou shalt not bear false witness against Germany"! Since the Christian appeal is to Jesus, I adjure his followers that they do not take his name in vain, nor ignore his solemn admonition: "Judge not, that ye be not julged; for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; pressed down and running over shall it be given to you again."

Yet we have done worse. We have not only judged, but condemned; we have not only condemned, but punished; we have not only punished, but put many to death; we have not only put many to death, but put them to death with slow torture, which is neither law nor gospel; neither religion nor justice; neither Christianity nor civilization. "Audi alteram partem" runs the Latin proverb—"Hear the other side." But without hearing the other side, the British people took up the charge that Germany was *alone* guilty of precipitating the war, and proceeded to starve to death her children and women and old people, by means of the hunger blockade. Through this inhuman slander multitudes have already perished; but even yet, before death intervenes, some may be saved, if the French and the British peoples will but pause, listen, hear the other side, confess their error, cease to harden their hearts, and be reconciled to their brother. For what said the Jesus to whom they even ascribe the attributes of divinity? This: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift!"

Let me make a historical contrast. When this country was at war with the American colonists, that mighty political philosopher, Edmund Burke, speaking on the virtue of conciliation, made the memorable declaration: "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." The feat, however, that Burke found impossible has been performed by British politicians, through the hundred mouths of that hydra-headed liar, the war press of the country. A similar stroke of policy was performed by French politicians; but it is with my own country I have to do. In order to excite the war spirit among their countrymen and countrywomen, and force it to the requisite pitch of fever and fantasy, British politicians forged an indictment against a whole people, propagated it with amazing effrontery and success (you remember how the very hoardings used to insult us with mendacious placards, gross caricatures, the vilest incentives to hate) and contrived to persuade the great mass of the British people that Germany was a criminal nation, the *sole* criminal in Europe, by which means they hoped to consign her to moral reprobation for all time. It was under the fury and stimulus of this fallacious legend that the war party induced the British people to resist Lord Landsdowne's efforts toward securing peace by negotiation, and to persist in the prize-ring policy of the knock-out blow. And it was that political calumny which prolonged the war for another two years, sacrificed millions of additional lives, and finally sank Europe in remediless bankruptcy and ruin. Gradually, however, with the abatement of war fever, the slander has become less and less credible to an increasing number of people, and concealed facts, like the murdered dead from their graves, have risen up to testify against it. That the German war party were accomplices in the unspeakable crime which culminated on August 1, 1914, who denies? But the *only* criminals? That is a different proposition. And how speaks the Nazarene? Hearken: "Suppose ye that these were sinners above all, because they suffered such things? I tell you, *Nay; but except ye repent,*

ye shall all likewise perish. . . . Think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, *Nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish!"*

Now, hark ye, friends, this is not a question which concerns Britain and Germany alone, or France and Germany alone. It is far from being a national question. It is international. It is a world question. It is a question for the League of Nations whensoever that doubtful body shall include Germany and all the other peoples of the earth, and when there is a possibility of impartial examination and even-handed justice. Meantime, it is the business of all who wish to avert further disaster to strive to implant a new idea in the French mind, in the American mind, in the British mind; to supplant the myth of a German plot by the reality of a common guilt, to confess which the governors of all the nations ought to get down on their knees before the Father of Nations, crying, "Peccavi—I have sinned!" This war-provoking slander must not be permitted to go down to posterity, to set British and German children by the ears as insanely as were their fathers. Before the history books of the various nations get themselves introduced into their respective schools, there should be constituted an International Committee of Investigation; which might not only save mankind from future hatreds, but be the commencement of an international scheme of teaching history by text-books common to all schools throughout the world. Are such measures too heroic? Is this generation of women and men too petty to devise great measures and secure great ends? I say that the future is so appalling that nothing but heroic measures can save us. We must be heroes, or perish like cringing worms.

This being a religious discourse, it must not be burdened with too many technicalities. But it is necessary to recall certain facts, so that none may say I am bringing an accusation without evidence, but that, on the contrary, when the truth is perceived, all may repent and turn to the way of reconciliation.

I recall the dogma of German *sole* guilt as stated by the prime minister some four months ago with an air of papal infallibility: "For the Allies," declared he, "German responsibility for the war is fundamental. It is the basis upon which the structure of the Treaty of Versailles has been erected, and if that acknowledgment is repudiated or abandoned, the treaty is destroyed. . . . We wish, therefore, once for all, to make it quite clear that German responsibility for the war must be treated by the Allies as a *chose jugée."*

Observe that what we have here is not a theory to be examined, and to be accepted or rejected according to evidence; oh, no, nothing so fair! What we have here is a dogma to be received solely on authority, apart altogether from the question of evidence. But some politicians in their time play many parts, and just about three months before the dogma was promulgated, the same authority declared something different. Said he: "The more one reads memoirs and books written in the various countries of what happened before August 1, 1914, the more one realizes that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage. It was something into which they glided, or, rather, staggered and stumbled, perhaps through folly, and a discussion would, I have no doubt, have averted it." No wonder that the *Times* rubbed its eyes red with wonder and wrath, asserting that with such an admission, "the whole Treaty of Versailles was hanging in the air," and M. Poincaré, the French premier, hastened to explain his colleague as intending no more than "a benevolent formula" when he attributed the outbreak of war "to the ruling of Fate"; for the conscience of nations did not permit even victory to impose such grave conditions of peace, which the origin of the war alone justified. M. Poincaré therefore held on to the dogma, believing that nothing more dangerous could happen to France than to shake the belief of her people in its authority. Thus the *Times* and the French premier together brought the British premier back to the dogma which he had more roughly promulgated in 1917, when, as I have just explained, his object was to defeat the move towards peace by negotiation, the shortening of the war, and the sparing of millions of lives and thousands of millions of treasure. "What are we fighting for?" he demanded, and replied, "To defeat the most dangerous conspiracy ever plotted against the liberty of nations; carefully, skilfully, insidiously, clandestinely planned in every detail, with ruthless, cynical determination."

Such is the dogma of sole German responsibility for the war. It is a dogma which cannot bear examination. As the prime minister subsequently allowed, it had already evaporated before published evidence, though the whips of Paris and Printing House Square drove him back to it again. The post-war revelations about secret treaties and agreements, about Serbia's part in the war, Russia's, Austria's, Britain's, have already made it absurd in Euclid's sense. It is contradicted by a score of different facts of first-class importance, and even by utterances of war mongers who originally gave it currency. I am not denying Germany's guilt, mark you. Let no such misrepresentation go forth beyond these walls. The dogma I am taking the liberty to doubt, to disbelieve, yea, to deny, is the dogma of German SOLE responsibility for the war. The assertion that she was the *only* guilty party is a falsehood too silly ever to become a historical one. Heaven grant, for mankind's sake, it may be killed even before it gets printed in the partisan text-books of the Allied nations! It is a monstrous specimen of the half-lie, half-truth which is so dangerous and difficult, as Tennyson sang:

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

While this falsehood continues to dominate Allied —that is, European—policy, there can be no peace, because no justice, and the people of Central Europe must continue to sink into a ruin which must ultimately overwhelm ourselves, "for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged."

I am reminded of the fact that by her signature to the so-called Peace Treaty—a treaty, mind you, which the *Manchester Guardian* stigmatized as "a crime against civilization comparable only to the war itself"—Germany acknowledged her guilt. I admit the fact. I would willingly forget it. The day will come when British men and women will wish to forget it, when they will hang their heads and blush for it. In all our long, rough island story, few scenes will be recalled with more pain than the scene in Versailles when the leader of the German peace delegation refused to put his hand to the document pro-

claiming his country's dishonor,—"We are being asked to acknowledge ourselves as the only guilty ones. That would be a lie in my mouth." There are a few treasured sayings of mankind, uttered without forethought, which from the epoch-making circumstances that attended them, sparkle like imperishable crystals, and influence the remotest future. The words I have just quoted will certainly be among them: "We are being asked to acknowledge ourselves as the only guilty ones. That would be a lie in my mouth." Here is the simplicity of true greatness. Ultimately, however, as you remember, by other hands, the document was signed—"Germany acknowledges that Germany and her allies are responsible as being the originators of all losses and all damages." (Article 231 of Peace Treaty.) Yes, the incriminating document was signed, but *under duress.* And what moral validity is there, I ask, in a signature obtained under pain of death? Law everywhere decrees that promises, oaths, signatures obtained under *duress* have no legal validity. If a blackmailer stands at my side holding a pistol against my brains, law exonerates me from the contract obtained under compulsion, or *force majeure.* The weapon we brandished over Germany was the far more terrible weapon of the blockade. Starvation and death to thousands more of her children and women, her sick folk and her aged—that was the threat which wrung from her an assent, admitted by all the world to possess no moral or binding power, and had therefore to be enforced by penalties and military violence, by the occupation of German territory, by conditions of reparation and what are called "sanctions" which are a disgrace to the victors and the human name.

I conclude, therefore, that since the dogma of *sole* German responsibility is already discredited, the case for punitive measures collapses, penalties must be removed, reparations revised, and the humiliating "sanctions" withdrawn. Outside France and Britain all the world is of that opinion; and to that opinion we, too, must come, or invite more terrible disasters. It is impossible successfully to enslave a great nation. You may bind and fetter the captured giant, and set him to grind your corn, but one day the outraged Samson will grasp the pillars of your temple and bring it about your rears, even if he involves himself in the ruins.

Another consideration I must briefly touch on, for I have the honor to address those who are accustomed to think things out. If we demand reasons for the promulgation of the dogma, we shall find them in the policy for which the dogma gave the necessary authority, and which I cannot on this occasion enter into, further than to utter the phrases European hegemony on the part of France, and commercial supremacy on the part of Great Britain. I believe that those two ominous phrases supply the key to the undeclared policy, which, in turn, rests on the unproved dogma. A terrible fear grips the heart of France, which nothing can assuage except the dismemberment and permanent subjection of her neighbor. British policy has been defined too often to be mistaken—by the *Saturday Review,* for example, with its well-used assertion, "If Germany were wiped out tomorrow, there would not be an Englishman the day after tomorrow who would not be the richer." By Mr. Runciman, a Liberal cabinet minister in 1916, "Germany must lose the possibility" [the very *possibility,* mark you] "to regain her position in the world market." And my numerous business imperialists from Cecil Rhodes downwards, whose combined utterances may be summarized in the words of a naval officer, "We employ all thinkable 'pretexts' for war, but its only fundamental cause is commerce."

But I must hasten to close. You must for yourselves ponder the facts and study the literature bearing on the origin of the war in order to dispel this foul slander which darkens Europe and menaces the peoples like a monstrous Frankenstein, artificially created, but, being created, defies its creators to destroy it. Peruse and ponder the facts about British and French policy in Morocco, Russian plots and intrigues with Serbia, the murder of the Austrian archduke, Russian mobilization, Austria's fear of losing Serbia, German's fear of Austria's being thereby weakened, and leaving her (Germany) open to attack from Russia and Pan-Slavism, ambitious to push on to the possession of Constantinople and the Bosphorus. Ponder Britain's secret agreements with France and Czarist Russia, and her military commitments to those countries years before the war. Ponder also the secret treaties drawn up between all the Allied powers (including Italy) when victory seemed in sight, so criminally and piratically imperialistic as to justify the worst fears of Germany, and confirm her belief that she was fighting a defensive war. Ponder also the ominous pronouncements and admissions of various European publicists from that day to this, the published revelations of how powerful officials (in certain countries that we know of, and probably in others yet to be revealed) deceived and lied to their peoples, parliaments, even to their ruling monarchs—all foreseeing that war was rushing on them, and all manœuvering for position. On a fair retrospect of all this—not to mention the military and naval policies of all countries, which everybody out of Bedlam had been saying for years must lead to just what it did lead to—you will see that the dogma of German *sole* guilt is a slanderous invention to bolster up an unbrotherly policy. Versailles has outdone the Vatican. Never from the Seven Hills of Rome was thundered a dogma so unfounded, incredible and destructive as that which issued from the State Salons of Versailles.

In what degree responsibility is to be distributed is a judgment no human tribunal can decide. But an international tribunal could at least prove that the guilt must be distributed among all the belligerent governments. There was undoubtedly a war group in Germany, Austria, France, Russia, Italy and Britain; each and all animated by imperialistic ambitions, each and all zealous to engineer for their countries a successful war. Probably the actual criminals in all lands would not number over a score. There are, say, twenty elderly men in Europe who ought to be on their knees at the penitent form uttering with lamentable cries the confession of Judas Iscariot, "We have sinned in that we have betrayed the innocent blood"!

Meantime, our business is to change the mentality of the British and French peoples. The so-called Peace Treaty has to be revised, or torn up, and a real Peace Treaty substituted. The reparations have to be drastically revised. The humiliating sanctions have to be withdrawn. And all this is impossible in the foul atmosphere engendered by the dogma. Therefore it is that the dogma has to be destroyed and a purer atmosphere created, a better mentality produced. It is the dgoma that Germany is the *sole* criminal that causes our people to harden their hearts like Egyptian Pharoah. Therefore must the dogma be destroyed,

in order that the better nature of France and Great Britain may gain the upper hand, equity prevail, and real peace be secured in Europe. We have to destroy the dogma which blocks the way to real peace. We have to expose the lies of politicians and editors. We have to pour the antidote of truth into the poisoned minds of the people. The *Times* the other day cried aloud that we must be new men if we are to overcome the appalling dangers of the future. New men, by all means! But how can we be new men without new minds? And we cannot get new minds except as we painfully purge the old lies. We cannot get justice and peace in Central Europe and throughout the world unless we disown our ugly tricks, and cease to slander our neighbor. We must cease to break the Ninth Commandment. We must recognize that the war arose in consequence of the commercial-imperial ambitions of groups among the ruling classes of all European countries, and of arrogant militarists, of whom Germany had her share, but no monopoly. Our people must be made to see that the war was the result of ancient policies, accumulating fears, suspicions, and gunpowder, diplomacies mutually guilty of secret treacheries, till the insulted earth refused any longer to bear the weight, and in the shape of blood and tears unspeakable, vomited back the diplomatic filth of ages.

The inherent cause of the war was the entire world polity, which must be completely altered if the far worse war towards which we are heading is to be avoided. Ah, my friends, this is no new idea. Twenty years ago, in "The Moral Damage of War," I foretold the catastrophe which has now come upon the world from those very inherent causes, and I foretold also the more horrible, universal war that awaits unless we abolish the causes. Never can we gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. We must begin with our own souls. We must be new men and women with new minds. There must be mutual confession of sin, as a prelude to mutual reconciliation. Steadily have I preached that during the last seven baleful years, and today again I stir the consciences of men on the phase which has now become most pressing and clamant. It was laid onto me to say what I have said, and for consequences I care not. What I have spoken is the truth, and for what men say I care not, nor for what men do. I have delivered my soul.

London, England. WALTER WALSH.

Gandhi—India's Fighting Man of Peace

Something is going on in India today the like of which has never before been seen in history. Revolutions employing physical force are common occurrences. Here is a revolution which depends entirely upon Spiritual Force—a revolution that is sweeping India like a forest fire. India has been spurred into revolt. It is the defiance of an unarmed nation whose industries have been destroyed, whose educational facilities have been wiped out, and whose people have been decimated by preventable famine and plague, even at a time when the export of foodstuffs was at the highest point in the history of the country.

Just how deep-seated these grievances really are is evidenced by the fact that even the forbearing and saint-like Tagore, in a letter resigning his Knighthood, referred to the "unparalleled treatment meted out to a population disarmed and resourceless by a power which has the most terribly efficient organization for the destruction of human lives"; declaring pointedly, "The time has come when badges of honor make our shame glaring in their incongruous context of humiliation."

History has been making fast in India during the past few months. Open revolt started only about three months ago and already in Southern India six districts have set up an independent state where the new flag bearing the Spinning-wheel has replaced the British emblem. For it is the spinning-wheel that is deciding India's destiny today, as the new agent of revolution through which British occupation will be made forever impossible. The program of boycott of British cloth has been so successful that Lancashire merchants have protested to the British Parliament, and British officials in India are employing agents to counteract the movement. As a result of this boycott thousands of bales of British-made goods are lying unclaimed in the harbors of Bombay and Calcutta. Moreover Gandhi has raised a fund for the purchase of millions of spinning-wheels, by the use of which, India is no longer dependent on imported cloths. People are moreover giving up their foreign-made clothing to be burned or sent out of the country.

Judging by the reports that are permitted to filter through a closely censored press, events of the greatest magnitude must be transpiring.

An Associated Press cable dated August 1 says, "A huge bonfire has been made of large stocks of foreign cloth and cotton goods recently arriving here."

This and more recent dispatches from India point to the fact that the non-violent non-co-operation revolutionary movement in India has entered on a new phase. It has gone farther than our Revolution when our leaders made a big "tea-party of Boston harbor"; thus expressing the determination of Americans no longer to co-operate with England commercially, politically or any other way, but to express themselves as a free and independent nation. It is just this thing that the people of India are doing today under the unique leadership of one who combines the spiritual dynamic of a saint and the practical activity of a 20th century politician. Under his inspired direction, millions in that country have during the past year discontinued the use of imported cloths, and taken to the wearing of home-made cotton.

Not so picturesque this bonfire, as the Boston tea-party, with the Indians, but of the same spirit of intention, doubtless and foreshadowing; perhaps, the same result—freedom for a whole people, in this case one-fifth of the human race.

The first act of the new viceroy, Lord Reading, was a request for an audience with this Gandhi whose activity has been keeping some of the government awake for nights. Although little is known of the results of the conversation, Gandhi is reported as saying that he and the viceroy had "understood" each other—which "understanding," be it said, has caused no let-up on the part of the non-co-operationists, as they are known.

The events of the past seven months in India have written a chapter that has never been matched in mod-

ern times at least. There had been opposition to Gandhi's program of non-co-operation that was only to be expected. "Tories have come to the fore in India in the twentieth century as they did in America in the eighteenth"; but the "spirit of '76" has come into being among the teeming millions of this great country. Their goal is the same as that of the American patriots that stood behind Hancock and Adams; it is only their methods that differ. Refusal to help the ruling class to rule has taken the place of mobilization; the vow in which every non-co-operationist promises to abstain from violence precludes resort to arms; goodwill has taken place of hate. Gandhi says:

> I expect to conquer only by my suffering. Bravery on the battlefield is impossible for us; bravery of the soul still remains open to me. I am engaged in invoking that bravery.

The people respond in a way that is almost inexplicable to the western mind. There is an authentic account of a mob of 80,000 being quietly dispersed by a couple of Swamis who reminded them of their vow of non-violence, and this after 200 of their number had been killed or wounded. Non-co-operationists when arrested made no defense. Theirs is the idea of Satyagraha—of "passive resistance" so called—the holding fast at any cost to eternal truth, and it is this that is supplying the resistance which no physical force can even destroy.

Meantime non-co-operation with an alien people, which connotes co-operation with the best in national life, is creating within the shell of the old a new Indian state to supersede the present dependent state wherein are being destroyed all that makes human freedom for 320,000,000 people. It is giving India a new psychology of action—the will to live as a free nation, to create arbitration courts, to build up the village organization system, to start new schools, to revive Indian industries—in a word to provide for a better life, new life, and more life for the downtrodden masses. This policy is negative only in name, non-co-operation of the Indians with the British Raj may be described as rejection, but rejection of the Evil is the acceptance of the Good and it is this acceptance—this putting aside of death for life that has brought about this Indian renaissance. It is the positive side of the non-co-operation movement and it is the crowning success of Gandhi's whole program. And behind the movement, permeating it, cementing it, is the dynamic power of Love. "Oppressive as the English may be," says the Saint, "domineering though they may be and even tyrannical, they must be defeated by the power of Love."

The strangest revolutionary movement that the world has ever seen, and well may the world think on what it would mean to the future if such a program succeeds—the outlawing of physical force in every field and the fulfillment of Christ's admonition expressed in the so-little understood words, "turn the other cheek." And this means the saving of humanity from that terrible god Moloch who takes his toll from the finest of the men of the race, lays his fell hand upon the children, and reaches into the future even unto the fourth generation.

Although Gandhi is the greatest foe to the government of India from the point of view of the British, and although by his own admission he is seditious, nevertheless he is standing between the government and open armed rebellion. Now and again reports of armed encounters come through in spite of the censorship. Violent uprisings are reported over an area of about 100,000 square miles in Southern India. It is evident that the trouble has been initiated by the British government's tactics of repression.

According to reports of August 25th, the Moplars assembled at a meeting to protest against the high rate of taxation. There was a minor disorder when their leader reminded them of their vow for non-violent non-co-operation at which they dispersed, but the magistrate and superintendent of police appeared on the scene a little later and surrounded three mosques, in which the people were praying, with police and military forces and arrested three of their leaders. They demanded their release which was readily promised and they were asked to be seated on the lawn. No sooner had the mob done this than there arrived the reserved police and military who were ordered to fire. Some of the Moplars were disbanded from Basra and knew well what to do under the circumstances. They lay prostrate on the ground and many of them were not killed. The rest were shot down and the casualties amounted to about 400. This organized massacre made the Moplars furious and dealt severely with British officers. . . . They tore off railway lines, destroyed railway stations, postoffice, telegraph office, cut telegraph wires and took possession of about 20 automobiles and the requisite arms and ammunitions including a few machine guns. Thus the revolt started in Southern India with the massacre of innocent people. It has spread like wildfire in various parts of India. Popular sympathy is with the rebels who have declared their independence.

The West is watching this people whose high privilege it is to prove to a war-weary world the practicability of the age-old doctrine of Lao-tze, of Buddha, of Isaiah, of Jesus, of Saint Francis, of Tolstoy. Gandhi is holding up the torch of revolution there, but with infinite love and toleration towards the enemy. The intelligentsia with vested interest and lacking idealism disagrees with him. Advocates of armed force predict ultimate armed revolution. The government denies him, but it is not necessary to agree with all his peculiar ideas to realize the import to the world of the success of such a program as he has outlined, and to believe that he is right when he declares that the world has gone as far as it can in the path of Brute Force—Evil, and that the time has come to try Truth Force—the way of Goodness the Way of God.

Can Gandhi hold back the tide of violence that is likely to come in ever increasing waves from all parts of this great country because of repression? He has enormous influence. His word everywhere is, "We must have no bloodshed, we have a right to our Liberty. But we will do no wrong, we will not kill, we will not harm our oppressors, we will not even hate them."

If Gandhi fails to achieve his goal of establishing without violence a free Federated Republic of India, that is to say, *Swaraj*, the fault will not be with him or his followers; but of the people of England and more so that of America because of her indifference to this program of revolution without violence.

It is time for those who are Christians and profess to love humanity to extend hearty and active co-operation to Gandhi on an international scale so that the world's public opinion shall be with Gandhi and against British tyranny in India. The Indian

people are wronged. They are subjected to every form of violence and they are beginning to see that submission to domination is aiding domination. They are resisting violence in their own way. Who will stop the British from violence against life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness of 320,000,000 people? Whoever really wishes to aid Gandhi effectively should show to the British government that they must grant the Indian people their birthright and take a decided stand against violence in India to the end that the program of non-violent revolution may be successful; Gandhi's way fruitful; and the power of Love victorious over that of Violence and Hate.

TARAKNATH DAS,
International Secretary, Friends of Freedom for India.

A Friend to Youth

I sing no governed firmament,
Cold, ordered, regular—
I sing the stinging discontent
That leaps from star to star!

Young and restless people, of all ages, had a friend in Susan Miller Quackenbush, whose name is so familiar to readers of this paper. How well she realized the "stinging discontent" of which Don Marquis writes in the lines quoted above! To know her was to feel the challenge of an utterly fearless personality, and of a glowing desire for all the freedoms life as it is to-day denies to most of us. It was not merely freedom *from* this or that which she craved (to use a distinction once made by Professor Foster), but freedom *to*—freedom to be, to love, to seek, and to create—freedom to bring to fruition the splendid visions of the human soul. She loved most in Jenkin Lloyd Jones, I think, his great heart, then the incorrigible youthfulness of his spirit, slow to condemn any new thing. It was from no sterile sense of duty that she identified herself with every oppressed group—the Irish and Indian nationalists, the negro race, women in industry, and in the home, and the workers everywhere. Impatient for wider horizons, not for herself alone, but for all humanity, it was to youth the rebel, and to these youth-movements, that she looked for the necessary changes in our social structure. And she was consistent. Standing in the Art Institute one day, before a piece of sculpture which happened not to appeal to her personally, her comment was, after a keen and quiet scrutiny, "I'm glad there's enough freedom in the world to let that be done, if somebody wanted to do it." One thing was sacred in her sight—human personality, a channel for mysterious manifestations of the Life Force, and never to be tampered with.

This rare sympathy drew about Mrs. Quackenbush a circle of young men and women to whom she was a source of vital inspiration, much as the teachers of ancient India were to their student followers. Any spark of ability, or of wistful eagerness even, met with instant response, and warm encouragement. I hesitate to think how infinitely less rich these five years would have been, for me, without her influence. Our dreams were more worth while for her interest in them. She understood the tragedy, as well as the glory, of being young, and in a thousand subtle ways helped us to see life whole, and to fear nothing but complacency and self-satisfaction. Others will tell of her unique work. I want only to sketch her as I knew her best: a comrade eternally ready for high adventure, vividly alive, delighting in "people whose heads work," and in the play of reason and wit wherever she could find it. She did not care to spend many hours alone. Brilliant, yet generous in sharing the wealth of her experience, she opened doors to many of us, hungry for life and the high lights of living, which we alone might not have found for years. She valued moral courage and the ardent fight for a cause above all else, and among her close friends were many of the leaders whose lives have known the scars of such struggles. Through her I came into contact for the first time with groups, movements, and individual men and women whose combined influence has done much to shape my life since. During the winter of 1916, before the war had come too near, there were memorable meetings, poetry readings, theatre parties, lectures, sermons and debates; and, best of all, the occasional "reverberation meeting," when a small group gathered about a table somewhere for continued discussion of a mooted point. On the last day of the year we attended the poignantly lovely service at All Souls Church, the "Messiah," sung by the Apollo Club, in the afternoon, then the West Side People's Forum, and after that the midnight peace meeting at Orchestra Hall. And there was the final illumination of the Community Christmas Tree in Grant Park, after the midnight meeting. The tree sparkled and flashed like a dream come true, while colored searchlights cast strange, drifting shadows of evergreen branches on the smoke of passing trains.

The city meant a great deal to Mrs. Quackenbush. She exulted in crowds, and in the swift currents of cosmopolitan life, where one might find the best in every field of thought and effort. In the Foreword to *Social Forces,* a topical outline prepared by her several years ago for the Education Committee of the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association, she sums up her position in these words:

> It has been said that the most pitiable ignorance in the world is ignorance of the few really great men and women who are our contemporaries, for our opportunity of seeing and applauding whom posterity will envy us.
>
> Another equally pitiable and inexcusable form of ignorance is the failure to see and comprehend the distinguishing spirit of our age, that particular part of the work of human progress for the furthering of which alone our own time will be reverenced by future generations.
>
> When we come finally to understand, our chief regret will be that we did not know and did not help this spirit of our age in its struggles to get itself realized. This spirit by which the twentieth century will be known to future centuries, is the awakening of the *social consciousness,* the coming to life in increasingly large numbers of us of the sense of brotherhood, of "humanhood," of democracy, of the "universal togetherness," of the one-ness of all human beings everywhere, of their interdependence, and of the right of all to an equal chance.

This was before 1915. I shall not attempt to say what changes the war brought about in the writer's thinking, except this: I know that she did not lose her confidence in the laboring masses. She gloried in the Russian revolution, and suffered with the people through the years of reorganization, cruelly complicated by war and the allied blockade. In the volume just mentioned, under the heading "The Evolutionary Viewpoint," she says:

The evolutionary viewpoint . . . regards the universe and this planet and the human race not as static, completed, or degenerating, but as an ever-growing, developing, expanding, *evolving* thing which has grown day by day and century by century and æon by æon from the nebula to the cell, from the cell to the human soul and the social order, and which is still growing from "moods of tiger and of ape" toward a more perfect humanhood, toward the Superman—the divine. . . . The following list of references . . . is offered to clubs which wish an understanding of the fundamental condition which underlies all social work and makes it hopeful, of how man is *being* made, and how they may consciously help in the process of developing the divine in humanity.

To club women, librarians, and students, in all parts of the country, has gone this message, with its characteristic stimulus, not to thought alone, but to courageous action. On the cover is a poem by Edward Markham.

We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The common burden and the public trust
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white vigil where the angels kneel;
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

It was not the philosophy accepted by the compiler, but this dynamic quality of her belief, which kindled the fire of insurgent youth wherever it lay smoldering in those about her, or within reach of her pen. In her daily living there was never anything superficial, but always a deep, steady radiance, and, underneath, terrific earnestness. It seemed sometimes that she could not wait for injustice to be ended.

Above all, life was a positive thing to Mrs. Quackenbush. She loved color, light, and motion: the purples and gray greens of a cloudy day where the dunes sweep down to the shore—the strong ruffled blue of the lake on a windy morning—the miles of the night streets, with their separate points of brightness merging into one brilliant whole. All poplars meant more to her than other trees, because of their constant, quivering life. She rejoiced in Giovannitti's poems, "The Walker" and "The Cage" especially, and in the agility of Shaw and Wells, who were among her cherished authors. The quick turn and twist of ironic humor delighted her, for she was brave enough to face the incongruous realities of life. It takes courage to be a realist from conviction when one is at heart a mystic, as I think she was. Putting aside metaphysical speculations, no matter how attractive, she found in this shining, growing, inconsistent world unbounded possibilities, and wonders great enough to command her deepest reverence.

And death? She seemed almost to understand it. I have never known anyone who accepted death with such exquisite simplicity as a part of life, and so necessarily lovely, except as men made it otherwise. Her favorite hymn was the one of Frederick Hosmer's which begins

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is, and broad,
And equal to my every need—
It is the thought of God.

She gave all of herself, in vivid, joyous living, to the world, counting no item of the cost, thinking only of what contribution she could make to the onward surge of humanity. It has been said that she lived a life of complete love. Her quiet going leaves a place that cannot be filled, yet grief seems singularly out of keeping. Her sure strength is with us, a challenge to keen living and a support in all high undertakings. May we understand more clearly the true meaning of the words she loved so well:

Whoso would save his life loseth it,
Whoso would lose his life saveth it—
Life is eternal,
And love is its crown!

RUTH R. PEARSON.

A PACIFIST'S PRAYER.

Let me not judge, nor hate. Let me be just;
And if I fail, help me to trust again.
I may be judged, condemned, but if I must
Be judged, let me not hate my fellowmen.

Too well I know the pain, I have been cursed
When all I asked was that my soul be free;
I have been judged, and classed among the worst
Of those who would degrade humanity.

I could not seek the light that others found,
Though it was bright, it had no warmth to me;
And feet quick speeding over trampled ground
Kept from my ears a sweeter harmony.

Along the beaten path I could not fare,
For I had seen a light that seemed more true,—
Changing in its outward form, yet always there
Glowing, illumining the world anew.

It was the rainbow-arch, and then a star,
And then it dropped into a wayside weed;
It swept from out the sea to hills afar,
Then back into the heart of every seed.

It was the brook that widened on its trail;
The songs of birds; the laughter of a child;
The hungry eyes of men who strive and fail;
The cry of creatures lost, by sin defiled.

It was the strength of those who lift and bear;
A mother's kiss; a baby's helpless hand;
A myriad of voices raised in prayer
That all can feel and none can understand.

I learned to find and love that mystic light
That touched and joined us all, yet left us free
To serve, to toil for justice and the right
Each in his way and all in harmony.

It was a blood-red light the others sought
My soul could not obey their duty call,
For I had pledged my strength, my light had brought
Its creed of love to which I gave my all.

Their onward march I did not try to stay,
I merely asked to serve the world soul-free;
They gave their best, and giving, chose their way,
I gave my best, the same right came to me.

Then I became a coward in their sight,
They would not let my body wander free;
They judged, and forced me to their way by might,—
And still my light comes through the walls to me.

Let me not judge, nor hate. Let me be just.
Toward all my fellowmen let me be fair.
I may be judged, condemned, but if I must
Be judged, let me still love,—that is my prayer.

MARY G. BALCH.

Sin is sin because it is degrading; it is not degrading because it is sin.—*Lord Avebury.*

Nothing serves better to indicate a man's character than the things which he finds ridiculous.—*Goethe.*

Many a one, by being thought better than he is, has become better.—*Dr. Jowett.*

States are lost through timidity.—*Voltaire.*

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

MR. GANDHI'S AGITATION.

Influence as "The Perfect Ascetic."

In a Blue Book on the moral and material progress and condition of India in 1920, just issued, Mr. L. F. Rushbrook Williams, Fellow of All Souls and Director of the Central Bureau of Information of the Government of India, touches upon Mr. Gandhi's personality and position. He says:

"It has often been remarked that every Indian, no matter how Westernized, will ever retain in his heart of hearts a reverence for asceticism. . . . Furthermore, the insistence of Mr. Gandhi upon the supremacy of soul force in opposition to material right, his advocacy of national fasting as a means of influencing Government, his conviction of the irresistible power of passive resistance, have all three their logical basis in the ancient Hindu doctrine of Dharma, that is, the application of moral pressure to another through physical austerities, deliberately endured by oneself. Hence it is that to Indians of all classes Mr. Gandhi, of lowly birth though he be, who stands forth not only as the perfect ascetic but also as the perfect exponent of Hindu tradition, makes an appeal of well-nigh irresistible force. Even those who are most profoundly convinced that his political opinions are unsound, unpractical, and even disastrous, can rarely be found openly to criticize, far less to oppose, him. . . . Against the all-dominant tide of Western materialism, Western might, and Western achievement, Mr. Gandhi, with his explicit scorn for that which we call modern civilization, stands before the injured national pride of many of his countrymen like a rock of salvation. He embodies an otherworldliness essentially Indian, a spirit the West does not possess, a plane of detachment to which it cannot hope to aspire. Hence it is that his behests have the influence of semi-divine commands, and even those whose intellects are too keen to be dominated by his sway can rarely be found to resist the appeal which he makes to their innermost heart."

On the subject of the reform in the Constitution, Mr. Williams says: "India has recently witnessed the most remarkable peaceful revolution of modern times. The spirit of autocracy, to which she has for long been accustomed, is henceforth to give place to the spirit of responsibility. Such a change cannot but be productive, at least for the moment, of uneasiness and of misapprehension on the part of many. The minds of men are disturbed, and it may be long before the country attains tranquility. None the less, the stir which now manifests itself is the stir of new life. Ancient barriers are crumbling before the desire for national utility; pride in India's past is giving place to hope for India's future."

Manchester Guardian.

HALL CAINE AND THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

There is a tendency in many quarters to put down the Russian famine to Bolshevism and the drought. It is a dodge of the Imperialists who not only tried to destroy Germany but waged war on thousands of miles of fronts against Russia. The same Allied Imperialists encouraged Czarism to mobilize against Germany and Austria before August 1st, 1914.

Sir Hall Caine, a prominent pro-war publicist of quite unbiased opinion, has been giving his judgment on the Russian famine. It is worth recording:

"On or before August 1st, 1914, the Czar ordered his General Staff to take measures for immediate mobilization. It was made in frightful proportions. Within a short time 19 millions were mobilized. The Czar denuded Russia of a great part of her agricultural laborers and thus made famine inevitable. The Russian famine began not with the drought of 1921 but with the insanity of the Czar's General Staff in 1914."

Sir Hall Caine was a foremost advocate during the years of the war of the popular view which made Czarist Russia the great ally of Freedom. Then Russia's battalions were rolling into East Prussia in the cause of God and Humanity. Slowly the truth is emerging. One by one the falsehoods are being found out.

There is broadmindedness in Britain in some quarters. I am President of a Literary Society and had the task of seeking lecturers the other day. By persuasive efforts I got all sorts of people to give papers. Here are some of them: A Bishop; a Canon of the Anglican Church; a Muslim; a Jew; two kinds of Presbyterians; a Methodist; a Sikh; an agnostic and several other varieties. All will speak under the auspices of our little club. Let the Spirit of Catholicity grow everywhere!

European Press, October 11.

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AN OMISSION.

In our issue of October 20, article by Rev. Eleanor E. Gordon, on "The Woman Minister," should have been credited to *The Woman Citizen*.—ED.

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